The Bride of Thoria

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      C                          G
One morning in autumn as I wandered by,
  am                         em
I heard a fair maiden so sadly did cry:
      C          am          G          E
»My heart it is broken, I'm dead and undone,
     am            G              am   G  am
my true love, my true love forever is gone.«
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I stepped up to her and I said: »Come and see,
he will surely come back and his bride you will be.«
She whispered: »No«, and her face was all sore,
»He was in the land that the fog did devour.«

Just then as she spoke it a young man passed by,
so pale was his face and so empty his eye.
His mind was all trapped in a faraway land.
»He once was my true love, now you'll understand.«

»I'll go to the place where the fog will not fade,
I'll go to the place where all life turns to shade,
I'll go to the place full of darkness and woe,
and there I'll remain nevermore for to go.«

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